EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

WORKING GIRLS AS WIVES.

COLLEGE education seems to insure reduction of progeny among college-bred fathers and mothers. Not two-thirds of the men graduates have children. Not 50 per cent of the girl graduates ever wed. Those who become wives seldom or never bring large families of children into the world. In this dilemma President Mary E. Woolley, head of Mount Holyoke College, a Massachusetts institution, acknowledged to be one of the leading girls' colleges of the English-speaking world, comes to the rescue with the admission that working girls make better wives than college graduates or girls reared in idleness.

The working girl appreciates the difference between housework at her own convenience and toil for a fixed number of hours six days a week in store, office or factory under orders from some one else. The college graduate or the girl reared in idleness condemns her husband to life in apartment hotels and boarding houses because she thinks housework a burden.

The working girl wife is seldom seen in the divorce court. She does not taunt her husband with his inadequate income or moan because she has fewer dresses than her father used to provide. She leaves recrimination and divorce to wives who read novels and primped while their mothers did the housework.

The business girl makes housekeeping a business and her home is a success. She is a helpmeet and not a drawback, and the man who weds her may well consider himself in luck. Such is Miss Woolley's high opinion of the large class of young women to whom we must look for the mothers of the next generation.—Chicago Journal.

THE MAN "ON THE JOB."

A WIDE-AWAKE and energetic clergyman who takes a lively interest in politics opposes the plan of direct nominations upon grounds that are striking, if not novel. He says he prefers government by "the few who stay on the job and know their business." That is to say, he would rather trust the experienced politicians than the amateurs who wake up occasionally and go in for political reform. He says the substitution of direct nominations for the effective control of a few persons experienced in government is a long step toward Socialism. He wants a political revival, with the leaders the first to approach the mourner's bench. And he believes that desired reforms can be more quickly brought about by converting the leaders than by putting affairs in the hands of the inexperienced and the incompetent.

The plan of direct nominations is yet in its experimental stage. Much has been hoped from it. In some elections it appears to have given a reasonable degree of satisfaction, while in others it has resulted in much disappointment. This, of course, is to be expected of all reforms, but it should teach us not to dwell too fondly upon the idea that the direct nomination is a panacea for all political ills.

In all other departments of human endeavor experience and skill are accounted valuable assets. Trained engineers are set to the task of building the Panama canal. A learned lawyer must be had to try a complicated lawsuit. A skilled financier must conduct the business of a bank, if it is to be successful. Is the science of government less complicated? In a country where party government prevails, politics in some sort becomes a science. There must be wise political direction or good government is impossible.

To convert the political leaders to righteousness may be a hopeless task, but obviously not more so than to convert the masses of the people. Under any system, experience and knowledge and skill must in the end prevail over inexperience and ignorance. The man constantly "on the job" will always have an advantage.—Minneapolis Journal.

AGE PENALTY QUESTIONED.

THE United States navy has proved in time of war that its men are valiant, its guns effective and its ships efficient. In time of peace the fleet has performed a wonderful cruise, demonstrating that the navy has gained in efficiency with its increased size. The people are proud of its achievement, and anxious to keep it up to the highest standard of effectiveness, in order that it may be ready for any emergency. It is a pity, therefore, that the directing minds of the ships—the men upon whom all the responsibility would fall in case of war—are prevented from reaching command rank until they have almost reached the age of retirement. It is an extravagant system, because it fails to utilize to the best advantage the ripened physical and mental powers of the officers who have been trained for a lifetime to handle the nation's sea power. —Washington Post.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

WE Americans are not yet quite able to distinguish a type, either of man of woman, that has developed out of our very complex ethnographic condition. We think, now and then, that we can see certain qualities or characteristics so grouped in an individual as to make us say for the moment that there is an "American." The American woman is perhaps even a little more undeveloped, to our thinking, than is the American man. We admire or tremble before women of a certain air or quality; but this very mien and quality of her do not seem permanent, fixed; and the woman we class as "American" to-day may be altogether different from the imperious creature we crowned yesterday. Perhaps it is with regard to the woman as it is with respect to the past. It takes the tone of distance, space, to bring out the glory and the distinction—to orb her.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

"SHOP TALK."

It was at a dinner given by the members of a certain English circuit in honor of an eminent judge. The legal element predominated, and the conversation from the first ran in a legal channel. Those among the company who did not happen to be barristers or solicitors sat silent, listening with vacuous smiles to the exchange of learned opinion which was being carried on round them. One only among this dumb minority, says H. G. Brown in the "Conclusions of an Everyday Woman," seemed impatient and ill at ease.

He was a big, jolly, loosely-made man, wearing clothes which somehow did not seem to set naturally on him, the conventional dress suit appearing less appropriate to his handsome figure than would have been, say, the loose short and riding breeches of a cowboy or colonial squatter. His cheeks were bronzed and his bright, clear glance spoke eloquently of an outdoor life.

As the dinner advanced and the conversation plunged deeper and deeper still into the profundities of legal erudition, he became more and more restless and perturbed. At last, however, one of those lulls occurred which may happen occasionally at even a professional dinner, and it was then that a resounding voice vibrated through the room, causing the learned brethren assembled there to forget for an instant their professional imperturbability.

"Now I am going to tell you all," boomed the voice, "how we skin steers down in Texas!"

All eyes were turned in the direction of the perpetrator of this amazing announcement, our friend, of course, of the bright eyes and bronzed cheeks—who, nothing daunted by their icy stares, proceeded to enlarge upon the technique of his business, that of cattle breeding, and continued his uninterrupted monologue until the dinner was entirely at an end. These lagal "Johnnies" might know something about the law, but what he did not know about cattle was not worth knowing.

When the diners had arrived at that comfortable, informal period where chairs are pushed back, the eminent judge who was the guest of the evening turned to his neighbor and said:

"I want you to introduce to me that young fellow who has imparted to us so much useful information upon the subject of cattle raising. I should like to congratulate him upon the reproof he has so tactfully administered to us all.

"In future, at legal banquets, I shall certainly do all in my power to keep the table from talking 'shop,' which is dull in all conscience when only lawyers are present; and when there are outsiders who cannot join in the discussion, it shows a lack of good taste, besides."

So the man with the bright eyes and bronzed cheeks became the hero of the evening.

NEW IDEAS IN MILLINERY.

EVICTION IN NEW YORK.

Even the Marshal Was Moved When He Dispossessed the Rabbi.

Thirty little children sat on cheap wooden benches in the second-story room at 11 Suffolk street the other day. looked as though they had not had enough to eat. But they were bright-eyed and alert and not for a moment did their attention stray from the white-bearded old rabbi who was teaching them Jewish prayers, although the smeary little pictures on the walls and the myriad of noises of the roaring East Side street must have been a constant temptation. And then the door opened and City Marshal Lazarus stepped in, dispossess warrant in hand, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. The struggling little congregation of the synagogue hadn't been able to pay the rent. Their few pennies were needed to keep their own roof trees and give their little ones a meager fare. The old teacher stood silent, with bowed head, as the poor furnishings were ripped from the place and stacked in the street below. Tears trickled down his beard. The children carried the tidings through the squalid neighborhood and in a moment the street was choked with shrieking, gesticulating, weeping men and women. They begged the marshal's men for mercy. As each bit of the poor furnishings appeared they redoubled their outcries. The rabbi, no longer erect and venerable, but a poor, old, grief-stricken man, his eyes red with tears, his hands shaking, moved among them, trying to repress their emotion. Marshal Lazarus was moved by the agony of this, perhaps the most poverty-stricken congregation in all New York. He went to the old rabbi and handed him a little money. "That's to keep you going for a few days," he said kindly.

The old man accepted it. "But it is for my people," he said proudly. "Myself, I can starve. But who will watch

Cosmopolitan Chicago.

I pay my fare and reach the cold, unsympathetic pavement, and board a car going in the opposite direction, says C. H. White in Harper's Magazine. Now we are passing through a city canon echoing with the roar of traffic. A horde of people rushes past in the gloomy shadow cast by great walls of granite, groaning under tons of bastard ornament. This must be one of the principal thoroughfares, and I ask my neighbors where we are.

"Non apisco, Signore," is his polite reply. I bow my thanks and turn to my left.

"Could you tell me what street this is?"

Bitte, ich bin nur Heute hier angekommen."

He smiles and makes some primitive sign with his hands and arms. I reply by motions more involved, occasionally moving my scalp. We are making little headway, when I spy a likely fellow sitting beside my new acquaintance. With suppressed agitation I put my question to him.

"Pardon, vat for you demande?"

He is anxious to help me. I repeat slowly, "The name of the street we are on."

"Tiens! for sure vee go on——" he replies reassuringly; "mais lentement. Allez! Nom de Dieu, on va plus vite ces nous!"

Then I remember that Chicago is cosmopolitan.

Agree with people more. It is a good way to get rid of an argument. Besides, the people you agree with will always like you better.

There is one thing about an automobile we greatly admire; it doesn't